I'm baaxxck! That brief hiatus between the April issue and now was mainly to see if anyone would notice. People did. Go figure. So I motivated myself to crank out another edition of this oh-so informational tome. (Hint: tome—can we tell this is the vocabulary building issue?) Anyway, as I embark on a two week cruise, I'd like to leave you all with the following thought: If pirates attack our research vessel, kidnap me, and sell me into white slavery in a country far, far away, someone else will have to write this crap. Why not start now, and if I make it back, I can fool myself into believing I have a support staff. It's just a thought...

Party Recap

May was the month for large, rowdy parties, and fortunately, there are people like me to remind people who may have forgotten the best details due to inebriation (or not being there to catch them the first time around).

Jill Barre threw the first party of the month (5/1), and the crucial element was SURPRISE. It was a secret bon voyage party for Mark (if you don't know who he is, ask her) but his estimated time of arrival kept changing. Since no one had any valium to relax Jill, a plan was developed instead: A group would keep watch at the door, and when the guest of honor was sighted, a code sentence would be used to alert the other party-goers to shut up and hide. The original phrase was "The Eagle has landed," but some of us felt this was too awkward and a dead giveaway. It was changed to the more discreet "The pearl is in the river." Time went by, and this was corrected to "The pearl is in the liver." The witmeister, Brian Bendis, then suggested "The stone is in the kidney." When that ceased to be hilarious, the watch group progressed to "The cheeto is in the colon." By the time Mark arrived, I think the code had become "The cheeto has landed," although I seem to remember people just yelling "he's COMING!!" After that the marine science contingent planted themselves in the center of the living room (away from the strange, possibly dangerous, people from Eckard that we didn't know). A riproaring game of "three man" broke out (sans towel-on-the-head), with Lynn Leonard being the lucky designated drinker.

Next on the social calendar was the traditional Spring Party (5/9) by the pool. Thanks to the bunbusting of a small nucleus of motivated people (who are awaiting the Pope's answer to their request for canonization), the event was pulled off (and then some)! There was enough food to feed the party-goers, the clean-up crew, their immediate families, and part of a subsequent TGIF—fruit, veggies, dips, chips, mullet, hot dogs, corn, salad, baked beans, cookies...kinda makes you hungry all over again, doesn't it? We had plenty of music, too. Shana and the Jam Boyz warmed up the crowd with selections from their first album, and then the Briar Hill Band supplied cover tunes for people's drinking and dancing pleasure. A few brave souls from the Polar Bear Club got up a volleyball game, and later on two men jumped (NOTE: Jumped, NOT pushed each other—two entirely different things) into the pool, but otherwise the weather was a bit too Spring-like for pool usage. Since no lawsuits have been filed and no suicides recorded to date, I think it's safe to call the gala a success.

Last, but definitely not least, Brian Bendis's stag party (5/22) was pretty damn wild and crazy. Or, I should say, it was AFTER an elite group of female terrorists raided the party with the intent of kidnapping Mr. Bendis, stealing his pants, and writing on his butt with a permanent marker. The primary assault, with water pistols, was highly effective, and the quick strike DID succeed in dragging a startled Brian out onto Steve Hawes's front lawn. The plan went awry at that point because Brian's belt buckle was harder to figure out than a Rubik's cube. Then all the men converged on the lawn pile-up and began pouring beer all over the would-be kidnappers and the groom-to-be. Retaliation involved hot pursuit through Steve's house with buckets of water, ripping his bathroom door off its hinges (you should have just surrendered, Steve), and high-speed chases through neighbor's yard. Counter-retaliation involved more beer, smoking god-awful cheap cigars, and holding vigilantes upsidetown in lawn sprinklers. It was a real good time.

Rumor Control

Marc Frischer would like it publicly known that he "[is] not a pervert, and [does] not frequent strip joints on a regular basis."

Jackie?...Oh!

Due to the end-of-semester/finals rush or the beginning-of-summer-party-bonanza (see related article) or just plain apathy, many of you may not have a clue who the lady in the lobby answering the phones and distributing paychecks is (not Sylvia, the new lady). Well, I decided that it was high time she stopped being "that British woman" and start-
ed being a household (labhold?) name. For your information, her proper name is Jacqueline Brownhill--Jackie, for short--and she has been working in our department since April 13th.

June 3rd was her 21 month anniversary of coming to America, but it wasn't as easy as you would think to get here. There was a long wait and about three years of preparation-paperwork, attorneys, visas, interviews with the American Embassy--it sounded like a red tape nightmare. It probably would have taken even longer except that Jackie got into a lottery (like a green card lottery, not the Florida lottery) and won. She said that it is much easier to emigrate if you have a degree or marry an American, otherwise the tactic seems to be "make you wait and see how determined you are to leave."

While in England, Jackie worked for the local government for nine years, at a boy's grammar school. After that, she spent some time at the London School of Economics. She left the school, before completing a degree, to work for a group of lawyers (in England they are called "solicitors").

After five visits to various parts of the US, Jackie decided she wasn't "getting any younger" and elected to move to Florida. She picked the Sunshine State because it was safer and cheaper than Washington, DC, and she's more likely to receive visitors here (both expected and surprise). The climate was also a major factor in Florida's favor.

In addition to working here in the marine science department, Jackie is currently taking a course in real estate, to augment her experience of buying and selling property both in America and abroad.

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**Trivia**

What was the name of the woman who told the 1001 tales of the Arabian Nights? (dazanahs)

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**Brian Bendis' and Katrina Master's Welding**

On Saturday, the 30th of May 1992, in Jacksonville, Florida, Brian and Katrina Did It! The marine science contingency was small, but well represented by: Audra Ares, Heather and Brad Penta, Howard and Lillian Rutherford, Pamela Sutton, and Lisa Young. It was a joyous ceremony. The reception was a grand affair at the Deerbrook Country Club. Some of the highlights included: (1) Lillian's (a married woman) seduction of Howard. She cut in upon Pam's dance with Howard, while they were doing an intricate pretzel move [Ed.'s Note: Yes, but who won the condom bet???]. (2) The Dollar Dance--a Polish tradition that involved paying for a dance with the bride or groom after a shot of pech schnapps. (3) The marine scientists closed down the reception. The poor (cheap)